

The Eddy Current.

W. B. MULLANE, Publisher.

EDDY, . . . NEW MEXICO

Let no man suppose that he arrives at his full growth while alive.

A large majority of mankind are in favor of going right if somebody will only show them how.

Women should go to men when they need help, and the latter visit the former when they require sympathy.

Where the heart is right, there is true patriotism. This was said long ago, but it is a sound sentiment for this day and country.

"Man wants but little here below"—So ran an ancient rhyme. It's different now, he wants the earth, And wants it all the time.

Fame is something of slow and steady growth, while notoriety comes and goes with the rapidity of flashlight advertisements of patent medicines.

Men do not have half the ailments that afflict women, but a visitor from a strange world would not suspect the fact by merely coming here to listen.

Anarchist Mowbray says that "music propagates anarchy." Mr. Mowbray evidently has heard a little German band leading to riot in front of a saloon.

In Switzerland, where women do all of the work in the hay-fields, there are probably few grass widows. But there may be nothing but grass widows there for all we know.

King Humbert has signed a treaty giving to King Menelik Abyssinian territory which Menelik always owned and Italy couldn't steal. Such magnanimity is surprising.

A Boston paper suggests that the negroes are entitled to representation in the cabinet. There can be no doubt that many cabinet members nowadays are altogether too highly colored, anyway.

A campaign word that has done duty in this country for more than half a century is "roorback." It means a fiction concocted in one political party in the hope of injuring another party and designed to be put forth so late that there will not be sufficient time before election day for counteracting any injurious effect that it may have. The origin of the word was in the name of a fictitious Baron Roorback, the story of whose supposed travels was part of the campaign literature of the year 1844. The roorback is not a potent weapon nowadays. Indeed, it is pleasant to know that the roorback is sometimes a come-back—a boomerang.

A Norwegian boy was too poor to get a university education, but this fact did not discourage him. He was determined to learn and to make good use of what he learned. When eighteen years of age he became an itinerant teacher. He had a taste and talent for philological work. In time he had made a name by what he published. What he did for the Norwegian language received the praise of scholars and the gratitude of his countrymen. This son of poor peasants died recently at the age of sixty-three, and his fame as a lexicographer and poet is secured. This example of an intelligent determination to triumph over hindrances and to make the most of one's self is worth much to the world. There is such a thing as making opportunity, as the life of Ivar Aasen finely shows.

The commissioner general of immigration in his annual report shows that during the last fiscal year the arrivals of immigrants in this country aggregated 343,267, of whom 346,468 were landed and 2,799 were debarked and deported at the expense of the various steamship lines by which they came. Of those deported 176 were found to be under contract to perform labor in the United States made prior to their arrival, and 2,033 were returned as belonging to other prohibited classes. In addition to the number debarked there were 238 who became public charges within a year after their arrival, and hence were returned to the countries whence they came. The commissioner general states that he knows of no immigrant landed in this country during the last year who is now a burden upon any public or private institution. With some exceptions, the report says, the physical characteristics of the year's immigration were those of a hardy, sound, laboring class, accustomed and apparently well able to earn a livelihood wherever capable and industrious labor can secure employment. As in occupations, it was composed largely of the classes designated as skilled and unskilled laborers, with some professionals. The amount of money brought into the country by immigrants was at least \$4,917,318, and probably was largely in excess of these figures.

One always likes to read of a real hustler. On Monday W. L. Daleman, a Pittsburgh drummer, visited Rome City, Ind., and flirted with Miss Alice E. Wetmore, who chanced to be at the depot. Tuesday he telegraphed a proposal of marriage to Miss W. Alice wired back "Yes," and on Wednesday they were married. Next.

The woman who visited the Chicago courthouse in search of a place where she could get divorced in twenty minutes was not rich enough. Otherwise she would not have searched in vain.



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
The slips of paper were certificates—one of the marriage of Julian Lorraine and Margaret, the other of the birth of Viola.

Now I knew all—I rested still and pictured my poor girl's unspeakable horror when she read that fatal letter and learned that her husband was her father's son by what she supposed was a former wife. I seemed to see her struck down in the first flush of the wedded happiness, even as I had been struck down. I seemed to enter into her thoughts, to feel that it was impossible she could meet me again. I could hear her agonized entreaties to Grant to bear her away and hide her from me. I could understand now why she took no steps to clear her name in my eyes. How she even wished me to think her perjured and faithless, so long as the secret could be kept from me—so long as I did not suffer as she suffered. Yes! I could understand what, rightly or wrongly, she and Grant had striven to do for my sake!

On what a chance life turns! Why had I never told Viola the story of my birth and strange adoption? Why had I never told Grant? It would have cleared matters in a second.

Strange to say, it had never occurred to me to mention it to either of them. After I had succeeded to my reputed father's wealth my position was so assured—it seemed to me so natural to be thought and called the dead man's son—that in sober truth my real origin had all but faded from my mind. For years I had scarcely given it a thought. But I ground my teeth now, as I reflected how a simple chance might have made me speak, and so saved my wife and myself from more than two years of misery!

Then the idea came to me that every moment which elapsed before Viola learned the news was one of sorrow to her. I sprang to my feet and went in search of Grant.

Good fellow! I found he had already packed his portmanteau and was busily engaged on mine.

"If you make haste we shall just catch the Southampton train," he said. I thanked him by a look. I tossed things into my portmanteau higgledy-piggledy, and in three minutes we were on our way back to France.

CHAPTER XV.

WE WERE in plenty of time. Indeed, as the boat did not leave Southampton until nearly midnight, we might have waited for a later train. It was better as it was. Although starting for London at once meant packing for the night, I had the satisfaction of being so many miles nearer to Viola.

Shall I ever forget that crossing! The night was fair. No thought of sleep came to me. I sat on deck all night, gazing out over the sea; looking out for the two great lights on Cape de la Heve; listening to the steady, monotonous thump, thump, thump of the engines, and knowing that every revolution of the paddle-wheels was bearing me nearer to Viola; or I leaned over the side of the boat and watched the hissing water flying behind in a foaming white track. I felt that I was being borne away from all my troubles and that the path the sturdy ship plowed through the moon-lighted sea was one which led me to unspeakable happiness. I was alone with my thoughts nearly all the time. Grant, like a wise man, had gone below to court sleep. Perhaps, in spite of the joy he felt in the approaching happiness of his friends, my ceaseless and oft-repeated questions became a trifle monotonous. He had to assure me a thousand times that one at least of his messages would reach Viola in time to stay her departure. He had telegraphed to the steamer, as well as to the Hotel de l'Europe, at which he knew she was staying. He had simply said, "On no account go to-morrow," and felt certain she would countermand her journey and await explanations.

Would she? Would a few words from him change her plans? What should I do if we reached Havre after the American steamer had sailed, and that after all Viola had gone in her?

"Don't," said Grant. "Take the next boat and follow her. It will be but the delay of a week, and the voyage will do you good."

But I could not contemplate with equanimity the thought of Viola's spending another week in ignorance of the truth. So Grant had again and again to assure me that we should certainly find her at Havre with his sister, who accompanied her thither and had promised to see her safely on board the steamer.

I had other questions to ask him; among them, when he first learned the true reason of my wife's sudden flight—how he learned it. He was silent for a while, then he said gravely:

"Lorraine, I will once for all make a clean breast to you. A month after I had placed Viola in my sister's hands I said to myself, 'This man, who should have made her life happy, has by his

treatment forced her to leave him. Why should she waste her life in grief? I love her! So I wrote to her—I could not have spoken the words—I wrote and told her I loved her. I asked her what the voice of the world mattered to me. The law might free her from you, and we might be happy! Her answer was to send me back my letter, accompanied by the papers which I gave you to-day. She knew that I would guard the secret. I knew that she left you, not because your love had waned. The hate I felt toward you, the passion I felt toward Viola, turned into the deepest pity. Now you know all."

It was just after saying this that Grant bade me good-night, and left me to my own reflections. So I watched and waited until morning dawned, then broke bread and bright; until the sun was well up; until at last we steamed into Havre and I could step on the broad quay and tell myself that in a few minutes my wife would be weeping in my arms.

We reached the hotel. We learned that the ladies were still there. Grant's telegram had done its work. My impulse was to rush in search of my wife, but Grant checked me. As he said, she knew nothing; his message had given no information as to the discovery he had made. Let him see her first and convince her that I was without a shadow of a doubt Julian Lorraine's adopted son. Then I might see her as soon as I liked.

I consented and curbed my impatience. I sat in the court-yard of the hotel counting the minutes. Grant must have told her by now. She must know what joy is awaiting us. She must be longing to throw herself into my arms. Why am I not summoned? Perhaps the joy has killed her! I will wait no longer!

I rose, but at that moment Grant appeared. His face told me that the good tidings had worked no evil. I ran toward him. He grasped my hand. "Stay a few minutes," he said; "she wishes it."

"She is well? There is nothing wrong?"
"She is well and happy. In ten minutes you shall see her."

Somewhat suddenly I reassured myself. Presently we were joined by the sweet-faced Sister of Charity, who had for the time discarded the spotless linen insignia of her calling, and was dressed in simple black. She talked on various subjects, but if I answered at all I did so mechanically, her voice bearing no meaning to my ears. At last she rose, and I understood that she wished me to follow her. Grant wrung my hand as I passed him.

With a beating heart I followed his sister up the wide stairs, followed her until she paused before a door and placed her hand on the handle. Then, turning to me, she whispered:
"Mr. Lorraine, I know all the sad story of the last two years. I know what this poor child has suffered. There are some griefs which are too acute to bear even the mention of. Take her to your arms as if you had parted with her but an hour ago, and until she speaks of it let no word of the last two years pass between you."

She made the sign of the cross, opened the door and left me free to enter.

What did I see? Viola, even as she left that morning so soon after our wedding. Viola in the very dress she wore that day. How well I remembered it—remembered its hue, its very material. Long afterward she told me that during those months of separation she had treasured up and kept at ways near her everything that reminded her of the few happy days she had spent with me, before the fatal mistake crushed her to the earth. Yes, I saw Viola as of old—even down to the sparkling ring which I had, it almost seemed to me, that morning, given her. Viola, my love, my wife!

The door closed softly behind me. The Sister's care must have done this. I opened my arms. With a cry of rapturous delight Viola ran toward me, and in a moment was sobbing and laughing on my breast.

"Dearest," she whispered, when at last we found speech for more than ejaculations and broken words of love, "dearest, it has been a dream—a black, cruel dream!"
She shuddered as she spoke. Once more I pressed my lips to hers.

"Let us forget it," I said.

Then, hand in hand, out of that long night of dark dreams we passed into the full daylight of the joy which life can only know when brightened by such love as ours!

(The End.)

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

AB GRAY, A YOUNG MAN, KILLED BY A HORSE.

He Was Hitching Up a Team Preparatory to Going to Town, When One of the Horses Kicked Him, Crashing His Skull.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 16.—Ab Gray, a young farmer who was raised in this county, but who has lately made his home in Denton county, met a horrible death at the home of his wife's mother, Mrs. Emeline Hardeshell, eight miles southwest of town, yesterday. He was hitching up a team preparatory to starting to Denton county for his household effects, which he intended bringing back to this county, when one of the horses viciously kicked him, the shodden hoof striking the unfortunate young man on the head, crushing the skull and producing death in a few minutes. The deceased was about 35 years old.

Drowned in a Pool.

Bonham, Tex., Dec. 16.—Joe McGee, who resides at Dodd City, is subject at times to epilepsy. He mounted a horse Monday and went out for a ride. Soon afterward the horse was found wandering around minus his rider. Search was immediately instituted, and the body of the rider was found lying in the old mill pool near Dodd. He was lying face down in shallow water, not deep enough to cover his head. When discovered life was extinct. It is supposed he had an epileptic attack and fell from his horse into the water and was drowned.

Dodd City, Tex., Dec. 16.—About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mr. Joe McGee, a man about 35 years old, while watering his horse at the Mills pool, in the edge of town, fell into the pool and drowned before assistance reached him. Mr. McGee has long been subject to fainting spells, and it is supposed that one of these came on him and he fell face down into the water, his feet still on the bank, and smothered to death in the water.

Factory to Start.

Denison, Tex., Dec. 16.—Z. Bain, builder of the Bain wagon, has obtained a grant from the Chickasaw nation, and is building a factory at Kemp for the purpose of manufacturing ax handles and buggy spokes. The country for that particular section abounds in the finest of white hickory for the manufacture of these goods, and the promoters of the idea argue that it is better to have the factory located in the midst of the raw material, and haul the manufactured article to the railroad, than to have the factory on the railroad and haul the raw material to it. The machinery is being placed on the ground and a building is in course of construction for the proposed factory, and it is expected operation will begin in the spring.

Killing Sparrows.

Waco, Tex., Dec. 16.—The city council at a future session will be asked to pass a law to shoot English sparrows, with a view to exterminating them. The ordinance contemplates allowing only the most careful persons to hunt the sparrows, and they will be required to use air-guns. An experiment was tried Monday in an old building outside of the city limits, and one gunner killed 200 sparrows in three hours. They feed on grain and grass seed, and are as fat as seals. The housekeepers say it pays to hunt them for table use. From one pair brought here five years ago they have multiplied, and are now swarming all over the city and excluding the song birds from the groves and parks.

License Stole.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 16.—Martin T. Anderson, a colored section hand on the Mincola division of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, who resides in Denison, was at the county clerk's office in a peck of trouble yesterday. Last Saturday Anderson procured license to marry Deeds Williams, and carried the same home with him. The marriage was to take place Sunday evening, and Sunday morning Anderson placed his pistol and the license under his pillow. When he came back the house had been looted and both the pistol and the license stolen, and no wedding took place. Clerk Tuck issued a duplicate, and Anderson left with a smile as broad as his face.

House Burned.

Hillsboro, Tex., Dec. 16.—The residence of Will Ferguson, near Woodbury, in this county, was destroyed by fire about 10 o'clock Monday night. The fire originated in a smokehouse adjoining the residence, and soon spread over the entire building. Mr. Ferguson and family narrowly escaped. The house and contents were destroyed, and the loss is total, there being no insurance. The property was valued at about \$2,000. The fire is thought to have been incendiary.

Arrest Burglars.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 16.—Monday night a notice about the Cotton Belt ticket office at Wolfe City caused an investigation, and a man was detected in the very act of effecting an entrance. The trespasser fled precipitously and escaped in the darkness, but left behind him a full kit of burglar tools and a quantity of dynamite, powder and fuse. Several burglaries and thefts and attempts have occurred on the line of the Cotton Belt between Sherman and Wolfe City in the last few days.

A Serious Accident.

Dallas, Tex., Dec. 15.—Miss Pervis Newman was knocked down and severely bruised by an electric car on Elm street yesterday afternoon. The accident occurred just in front of the Mercantile National bank. The young lady and her parents had just left a store on the north side of the street and were crossing to the other side, with Miss Newman some ten or twelve steps in the lead. One car had just passed, going west, when she stepped upon the track. The parents saw another car coming from the opposite direction and called to her, warning her of its presence. Being unable to see this car on account of the one west-bound, she thought they referred to it, and gave a jump toward the other track just as it came by. Her head struck the brass passenger grip on the front platform and knocked her backwards in such a manner as to throw her feet across the rails, but with rare presence of mind she jerked them out of the way, just in time to save them from the wheels. The car was going at a very moderate rate of speed at the time. The young lady was picked up by her parents and carried to a drug store near by, where a physician examined her injuries. It was found that she was badly cut over the right eye, and that her nose had received a severe blow, which caused it to bleed profusely. Outside of this she was unhurt.

Immediately after the accident she was taken home by her father, A. W. Newman, who lives in Dallas county, three and one-half miles east of Reinhardt. She is about 16 years old, and at the time of the accident had on a sunbonnet, which, it is said, contributed largely to her confusion just before the car struck her.

The motorman on this car, William S. Atwood, was seen, and made a statement in corroboration of the above.

Kills Himself.

Cleburne, Tex., Dec. 15.—Mr. D. W. Lahey, superintendent of bridges for the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe, with quarters here, was found dead in his chair at his office Sunday night, holding a cigar in one hand and his gloves in the other. Justice O. J. Logan held an inquest, and rendered a verdict that deceased came to his death from the effects of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid, taken with suicidal intent. The evidence developed that about 4 p. m. Sunday he bought the poison at a drug store, stating that he wanted to drive ants out of his room. Just prior to his being found he had gone to the toilet room, and it was there it is supposed he took the fatal dose, more deadly than hemlock and quicker in its work. He left a letter addressed to his son, and had begun one to his wife. Mr. Lahey was one of the best known and most highly respected railroad officials that has ever been located here, and his death has cast a gloom over the city. No one knows the cause for the act. His relations, domestic and in a business way, appeared of the most pleasant. His remains were interred here yesterday afternoon.

A Destructive Bird.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 15.—The English sparrow seems to have met a destructive foe in the way of a peculiar little gray hawk, which is now to be found in flocks about the cornices, cupolas and turrets of the taller buildings in which the sparrows have taken up their abode, and at the county court house pigeons, martins and sparrows are rapidly decreasing in numbers. The hawks have become so emboldened that they attack the sparrows in the streets as they feed. The good work of the late acquisition to the public bird collection is attracting attention, and an ordinance may evolve for their protection from the small boy with air guns and "nigger-shooters."

In central South America eggs, cocoanuts and chocolate pass as currency of the realm.

To Have New Waterworks.

Cleburne, Tex., Dec. 15.—The city council at a special meeting last night appointed a committee to correspond and go to St. Louis and Chicago to induce some capitalist to put in a system of water works, and agreeing that the city will give them grounds on which to erect buildings and tower and pay for the disconnecting of all pipes of all water consumers from the present mains and connecting to the new ones free of charge, conditioned that the new company will furnish free fire protection, or the city will issue bonds for the putting in of a new system.

City Government.

Professor Woodrow Wilson, who has been delivering a series of lectures at the Johns Hopkins university, contends that American city governments are inefficient because they copy too closely the structure of the federal government, with its two chambers and executive. The system of checks and balances and division of power is not suited to municipal needs.

Will Be Returned.

Galveston, Tex., Dec. 15.—A board of inquiry, with the commissioner as chairman, sat on the case of Max Nustman yesterday and decided that the boy must return by the steamship by which he came. Max is a bright German boy of 16 years. He can not speak English, and has no money. He showed away at Bremerhaven and again at Cardiff in the British steamship Freshfield. He was taken in hand by the government officials on reaching here, who decided that he was not to become a public charge.

Dependence.
Almost all men of great and strong deeds have had their seasons of discouragement and doubt. All life is a struggle, and doubts and difficulties seem to be the necessary concomitants of life and progress.—Rev. J. W. Lyell

Farmer Wanted.
In every township, 3 days a week, during winter, to distribute samples, collect names of sick people and work up trade in their druggists on the 3 great family remedies Dr. Kay's Renovator, Dr. Kay's Lung Balm and Kidney-Kura. Good pay to man or woman. Send for booklet and terms. Dr. B. J. Kay, Medical Co., western office, Omaha, Neb.

Never doubt a woman's love if she works as hard for you as for a church.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative from Quinine Tablets. At Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

A man in a crowd thinks he is doing his part, if he furnishes the corker.

Hope

Belongs to the heart of the victim bound in chains of rheumatism, dyspepsia, sciatica, tarr, when the blood is enriched and purified.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists. Hood's Pills, cure constipation, etc.

Scrofula,

Skin Eruption.

Scrofula, Eczema, Tetter and similar diseases can not be cured by local applications of ointments and liniments, for the disease is in the blood, and can only be reached by a blood remedy.

Mr. Thomas N. Tinney, of Corpus Christi, Texas, writes:

"For years I suffered from Scrofula, which seemed to grow worse under the treatment of physicians. At times the dreadful disease would extend to different parts of my body, causing severe eruptions of the skin and untold suffering. The many prescriptions I took did me no good, and the local application of remedies did not seem to reach the trouble at all, for they had no effect whatever. I resorted to almost every patent medicine recommended for the blood, but without result."

"I had almost despaired of ever being rid of this dreadful taint in my blood, when by the advice of friends I began to take S. S. S. (Swift's Specific), and before I had finished the second bottle I noticed an improvement. How much money and suffering I could have saved if I had only begun the right remedy!"

"This S. S. S. proved to be, for as I continued its use I grew better, and was finally cured completely of a disease which had cursed my life for years, and had withstood the treatment of many so-called blood remedies, as well as of the best physicians. S. S. S. also cured me of a severe case of rheumatism. It is the only real blood remedy on the market."

It is not difficult to be cured of any blood disease. If the right treatment is given, S. S. S. is the only cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, or any other deep-seated blood disease, for it promptly reaches the seat of the trouble. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed Purely Vegetable, and contains not a particle of potash, mercury or other mineral, which means so much to those who know the disastrous effects of these drugs.

Valuable books can be had free by addressing Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FERRY'S

There has never been a time when garden seeds were so cheap and so good as now. Ferry's Seeds were more successful. They are always the best, for sale by leading seedsmen everywhere. Look out for the name.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

A full list of information for gardeners and planters. Write for it free. Send no money.

SEEDS

In three points—tone, action, and durability—no organ approaches the

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Waterville, Vt.

WANTED ON SALARY A free, energetic, capable man and woman to visit in the towns and country districts of this country, to sell the famous "Estey" Sewing Machine. If you will work for \$1000 per month, address with name and address to R. J. Cooper, Boston, Mass.

R. J. Cooper, Boston, Mass.

RODS For treating and boosting blood in cases of rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Price \$1.00. Write for it free. Send no money.

RODS FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION